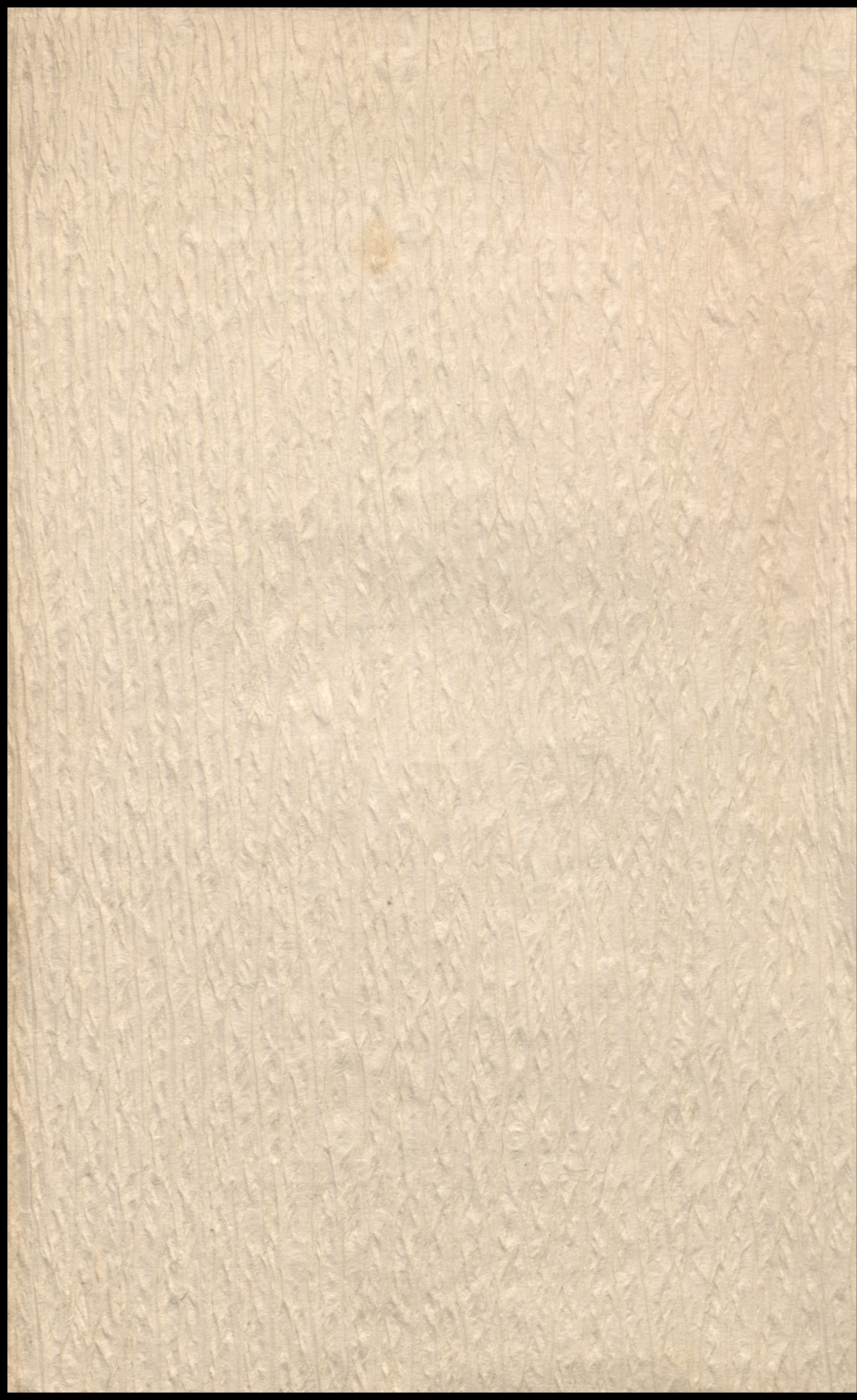
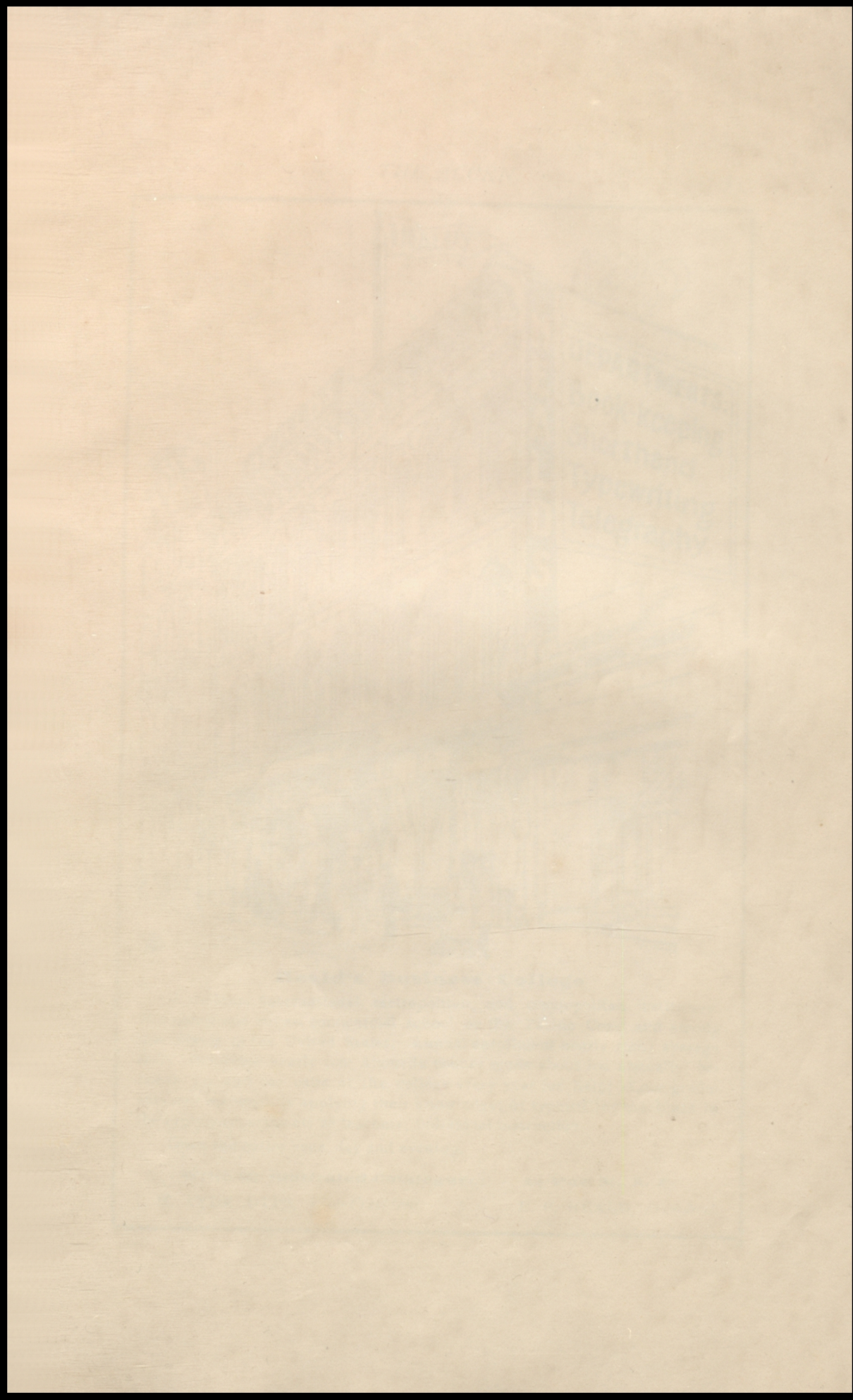


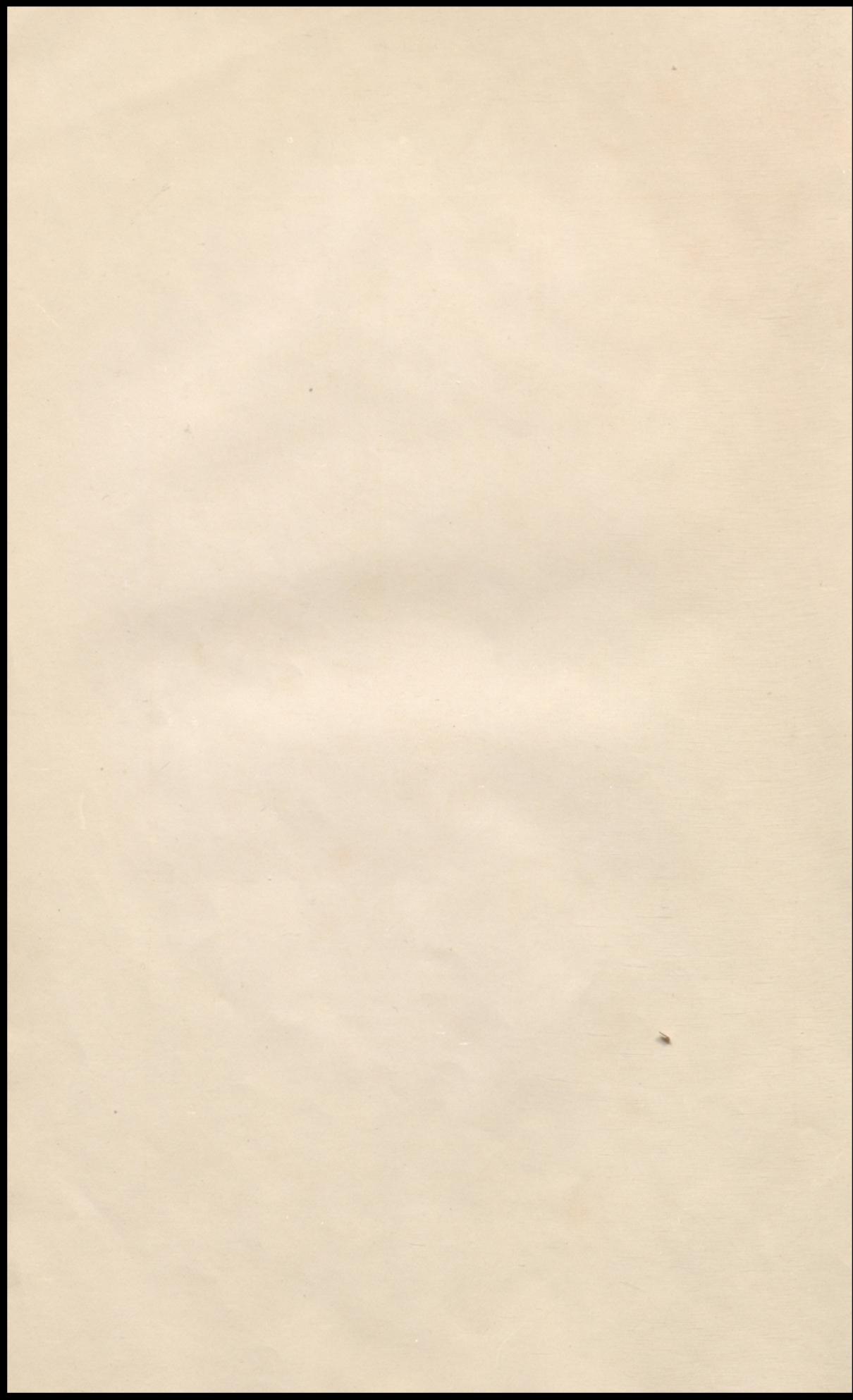
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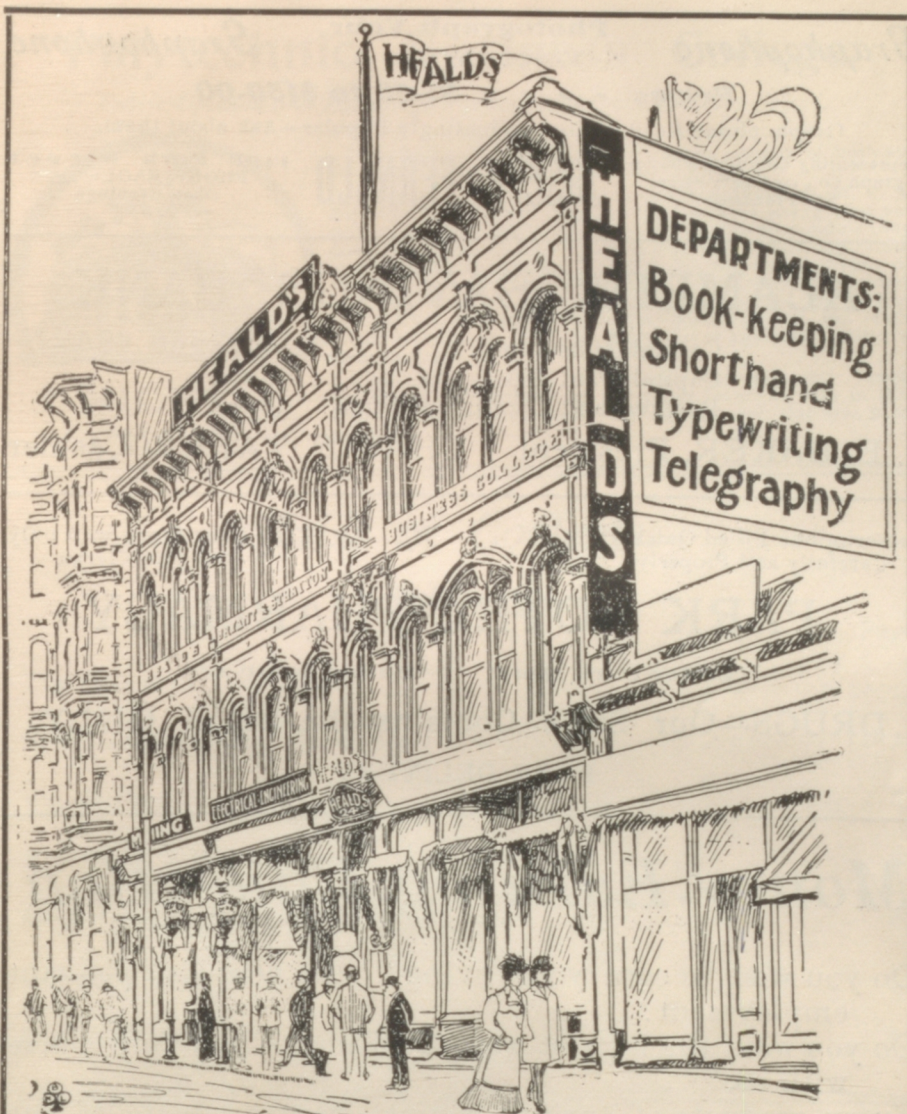


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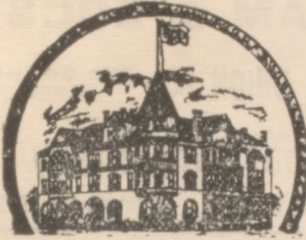
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Table of Contents.



	Page
The Oracle of The Oaks	7
Graduating Class of June, 1902	12-21
Valedictory	23
A Medical Romance	27
Delta Upsilon Kappa Fraternity	28
Debating	32
Exchanges.....	43

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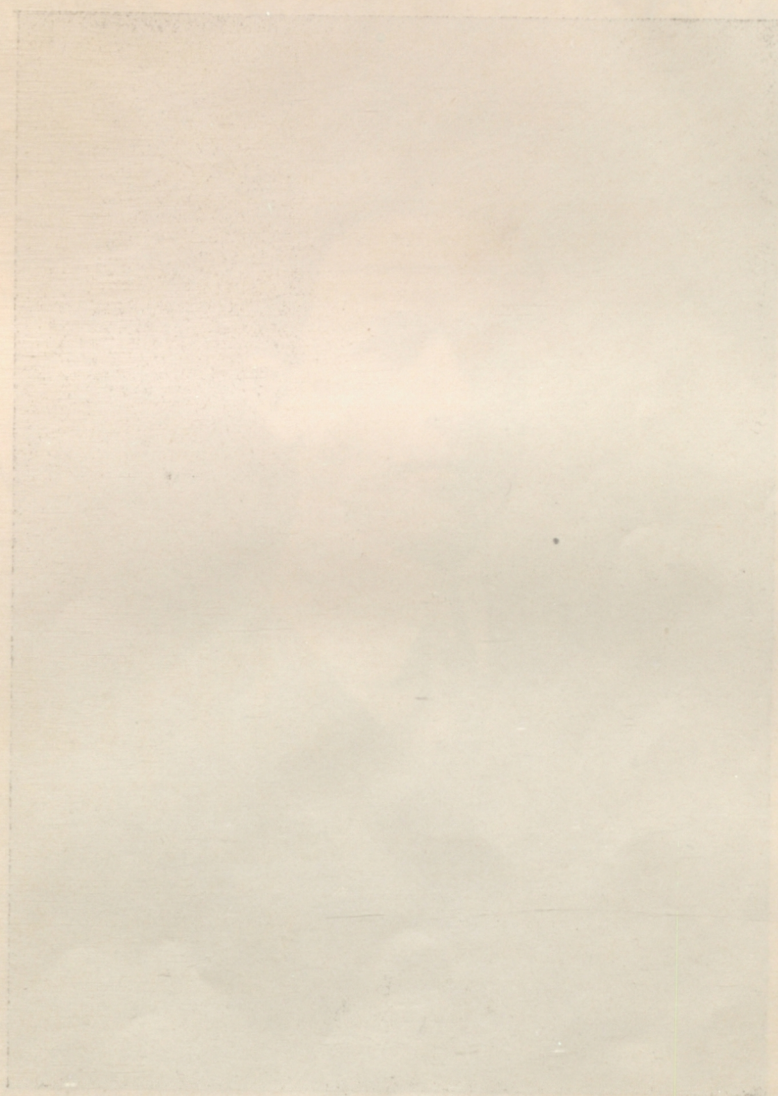
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GERALD ANTHONY, PRESIDENT OF CLASS OF JUNE, 1902.



Palma Non Sine Pulvere.

VOL. III.

ALAMEDA HIGH SCHOOL, JUNE, 1902.

No. 10.

The Oracle of the Oaks

NOT many mornings ago, I rose with the sun, my mind burdened with its arduous task; and wheeled away to the hills near Leona to contemplate, as nature does, in solitary state.

Becoming tired of pushing my silent steed up the steep path, I sat down under a sturdy oak; its living dome rustled overhead; here and there rays of sunshine filtered through, lighting up the dewdrops to iridescence on the grass.

As I sat and marvelled at the insignificance of man, I thought I had heard a strange murmuring sound, above the rustle of the leaves and the songs of the birds.

Soon a white mist appeared everywhere, and hearing stranger sounds, I fell over and buried my face in the grass, for my soul was filled with strange awe.

Not daring to raise my eyes, I heard in a mysterious, soft murmur, "Sibylla!" "Sibylla!"

In wonderment and perplexity at being thus addressed, I slowly raised myself; no mist could be seen; only the outline of the San Francisco hills against the azure sky, with the busy city swarming their slopes, and the sparkling bay dotted with sails.

Again I heard the mysterious "Sibylla!" This time seeing no mist, and not being frightened, I whispered, "What is it?"

Through the rustle of the myriads of leaves, came a still small voice, "I am Zeus, who speaks ever to man through the sacred oak, though alas! in this strenuous era, he has grown too indifferent to hear; but because of your reverence to the Greeks, and specially for your holy reverence for their beautiful Antigone, the gods command me to grant you this blessing as a special favor."

My heart beat faster; what blessing could the gods bestow on a lowly mortal for doing reverence to high ideals?

In awed reverence, I drew nearer to the oak and listened; only the drowsy hum of the busy bees floated to my attentive ears.

Soon the mist seemed to close around me like a soft, white cloud, and again, the murmur came, "Lowly mortal, through me the Gods will reveal the destiny of June, '02, A. H. S., and while I grant you this blessing, speak not, for this spell will be broken."

"Look now and take heed of all you see," came in soft whisperings through the rustle of the leaves.

Turning my eyes slowly around, a beautiful picture appeared through the mist, and grew brighter, as I looked.

It was a stately mansion in the midst of a beautiful garden; many people were strolling on the lawns and amongst the shrubs. Upon the veranda stood a tall, dignified lady greeting some one, who had just gone up the steps; and who was this stately matron?

It was no other than Emma G. Postel, our former editor-in-chief; the same graceful girl, only older and more dignified.

As I contemplated the goodness of the gods to her, for a brief minute, the scene had disappeared, and another one was in its place.

The scene disclosed to view a large room filled with people, who were listening to some one who was speaking very earnestly, and who seemed to be pleading a just cause. As I listened to the words of wisdom, and looked still closer, I knew Mr. Robertson; the stoic of our class, and winner of one of the D'Evelyn medals for debating.

When he had ceased speaking, there was a profound silence, until the stentorian voice called out, "The attorney for the defense."

A figure hidden behind a large book, rose from a table, and made a brief speech, which caused a great deal of merriment.

In him, I recognized Charles Lewis, a former president of the A. H. S. A. S., and wielder of the tennis racket.

At a small table to one side sat a young lady rapidly taking notes. She wore the Dragon, the emblem of June '02, and, as she lifted her face, I beheld Irma Seider.

I glanced at a bird which had alighted near me, and when I again turned my eyes in the direction of the picture it had vanished.

The leaves rustled mysteriously. Looking up I discerned a room having a desk in the middle; someone seated at it was examining something under the microscope. Letting my eyes wander around the room, I read, on a document hanging on the wall, the name, "Gerald Anthony, M. D."

Presently the door opened; a tall, slight figure in white cap and gown entered and placed a sheet of paper on the desk. Looking out of the window, Miss Rue made herself known, for on the lapel of her apron was the pennet of A. H. S.

Thus two members of June '02, were busy in their quiet corner of the busy world easing suffering humanity.

The mist parted on the right, and peering carefully, I made out a room with shelves all around, on which were bottles, at a long table covered with test tubes, flasks and bottles holding different colored liquids, stood a young man with a long apron on. He was looking very earnestly at a mixture in a beaker, stopping now and then to put some notes on a small pad. Some printing was on the window in front of him, and I tried my skill in reading backwards with the following result, "Milton Epstein, Chemist."

As the thought of "the plaster" he made in chemistry once upon a time, flashed through his mind, the picture melted away, and another took form.

A busy scene presented itself in front of an open store, butter boxes, egg crates, and chicken coops were piled on all sides, some were being loaded on to trucks, others unloaded. In the midst of this activity appeared a man; his hands were in his pockets and altogether there was an air of prosperity about him. As he took some papers out of his breast pocket and unfolded them I caught sight of the name, "Sidney Eschen, Commission Merchant."

The next picture which loomed up through the mist, revealed the auditorium of a theater; the play was Macbeth, and who should appear but Ethel E. C. Wright in the role of that hero's resolute lady. When I was about to turn my eyes away, I recognized in a box at the left of the stage, a very dignified young woman with a little child sitting beside her. Miss Jost had once been her name; it was the same girl only older and more matronly. The lady, who sat next to her, turned to speak, and I recognized Miss Kindred's familiar face. I overheard a fragment of conversation as the picture faded away—"Your last book is so interesting, Lillian."

The mist grew thicker and darker; the leaves rustled softly; I looked, but there was nothing at first, then gradually a twilight scene appeared. The stars twinkled overhead, the moon shed a soft light over the peaceful picture.

It was a room, near the window sitting in a low chair, sat a figure holding a sleeping child. At last she turned her face into view and I recognized our quiet Ivy Cutler. Her face was beautiful in its glow of blessed happiness.

How I wish all the members of June '02 could have seen the next picture, which seemed to grow from the mist. It was a small building; the stars and stripes floated from the top; the children were playing all around, and on the platform with a bunch of flowers stuck in her belt, stood Miss Gardiner, smiling over her numerous charges.

The panorama which shaped itself next from the white vapor was

a wide plain, upon which the sun's rays were beating unmercifully. Looking intently, I saw two figures bearing burdens, advancing slowly nearer.

Presently one staid behind and held a sort of standard in sight; the other came nearer, then stopped and placed a tripod in place; waved a white rag; looked through a long tube, recorded some numbers in a small book. Something in the quiet, deliberate manner made me look closer, and I recognized Mr. Howell.

From the scene of the virgin plain, the mist closed together, and when it parted again, it was an indoor picture which met my gaze.

It was a wall in a long gallery upon which were hung water-colors, and off to one side the pen and ink drawings were grouped.

One dainty water-color attracted my attention, because of the artistic blending of the colors, in one corner, I traced out the initials, "M. H." Then passing to the pen drawing, one, a striking picture caught my eye, and as I wondered who could have fashioned such a work of art from a pen, I observed in one corner the artist's mark, "Elva Barker."

As the scene withdrew into the mist I heard a far away voice saying, "The first prize for water-colors is awarded to Miss M. Horr.

The scene which broke its way through the mist next, was a show window full of books; glancing over the titles, I found one of interest to me,—"*Sonnets of the Golden Gate*," by Rose Lee, and so she had become a poet of the world!

A poster in the corner of the window next claimed my attention; reading through the programme, I saw two numbers, which told me many things; a dialogue by Miss La Jeunesse, elocutionist, and a piano solo by Miss Sailor, lately returned from study in Boston.

The leaves fluttered and still another scene appeared.

As I turned my eyes around I saw a large assemblage of women in a hall, and on the platform sat the speaker. Shortly she arose, and announced, "*A Paper on Woman's Rights*," by our past president, "Mrs. Mellott Blank."

Near the door in this audience, I recognized Miss Woodbridge. I overheard an interesting conversation:—

"Do you know Miss Woodbridge, who teaches Latin?"

"No, I am sorry to say, but some one told me how hard she studied in college for her Ph. D.

"Yes, she always was a persevering student, and I am glad to see her successful."

I heard the mellow notes of a meadow lark near by; turning to find him, the mist disappeared as if by magic, and only the waving fields of grain lay at my feet, while further on the blue bay gleamed in the sunshine.

Graduating Class



LILLIAN KINDRED.



SIDNEY ESCHEN.



EDNA RUE.

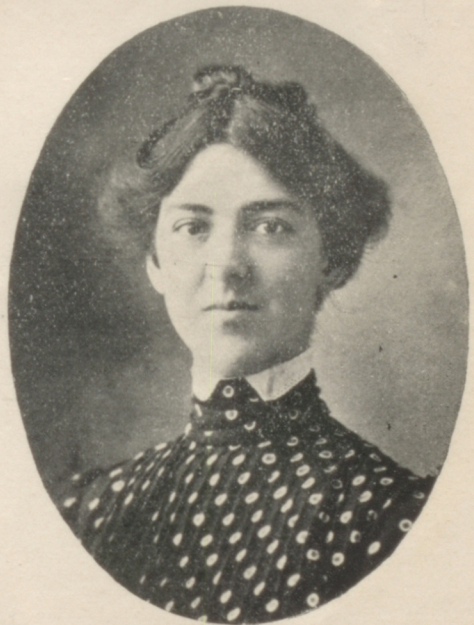
June
'02



WILLIAM ROBERTSON.



ETHEL WRIGHT.



DELLA LA JEUNESSE.

Graduating
Class



Charles Lewis



Walter H. H. H.



Walter H. H. H.

Graduating Class



MARGUERITE HARR.



CHARLES LEWIS.



MARY GARDINER.

June
'02



MILTON EPSTEIN.



ELVA BARKER.



EMMA POSTEL.



Graduating
Class



Graduating Class



ALICE JUST.



MAUD MELLOT.



IRMA SEIDER.

June
'02



ROSE LEE.



IVA CUTLER.



RUTH WOODBRIDGE.



Graduated
Class



Graduated

❧ Valedictory ❧

William L. Robertson, June '02.

A SMALL company now comes into sight, bearing on their snowy banner the golden insignia, June, '02. Faithful little band, you have arrived at the appointed time, for even now the last sands are falling through the glass. Brave veterans you are! Your ranks have been shattered and broken by the conflict in which you have been engaged. Many of your comrades have fallen, many have dropped behind; but may they struggle heroically on, for it is not always those who are in the van that prove the best soldiers. Oh, you, the company of June, '02, be courageous in the battles to come, acknowledge no defeat, for far greater victories will you gain in the future.

* * * * *

We thank you, our most respected and esteemed principal, for the kind personal interest you have always shown in our individual welfare. We also thank you for your untiring efforts in our behalf, for we know that many of our victories have been due in a great measure to your encouragement.

You, the faculty, have our deepest appreciation for the care and attention that you have expended, endeavoring to shed beams of knowledge into our inner beings to stimulate the dormant seeds of individuality that they might develop into characters of noble integrity, capable of high achievement. We do not ask to be remembered; it would be asking too much; we have taken the place of others and even now, others are taking ours; but we do hope that each one of us, whether teacher or pupil, has received some little remembrance of appreciation or strength during our brief acquaintance, the memory of which, years will not render less verdant.

Fellow school-mates, we have spent many pleasant days with you, and in vain we regret that such relations must end. Let us, through our experience, though short it has been, speak a few friendly words to you. May you succeed where we have failed; for, in looking backward, we can see where we could have helped our school and strengthened ourselves far more than we have done. Let your starting point recede further each day, for that day is lost which shows no gain. Remember that the completion of any deed brings retrospection, either sad or joyful. We hope that you will see your hopes fulfilled and will graduate with honor.

With assurance of affectionate remembrance to you all, principal, faculty, and fellow school-mates, we bid you "good bye."

Dear class-mates, the ending of our happy school days casts a tinge of sadness over us, for we know that our little band, which has held

together so long, is to be scattered. Our companionship has not been profitless, for we know that mutual esteem has been implanted in each of our hearts, which though silent time may mellow and soften, yet it will never efface, and we know that through succeeding years, our memories will ever wander back in quiet contemplation to the distant source of our inspiration. Each one of us has a mission in life. Let him perform it faithfully, and to the best of his ability, for the world's progress depends upon each of the individuals who compose it; no one is exempt. Do not seek after vain ambition, as the seeker for vain glory is always disappointed and his dreams are never realized; but he who seeks to carry out lofty conceptions, though he may fall short of his mark, is never disappointed. And as a last good bye, remember to make each day count; we have but one life in the world.



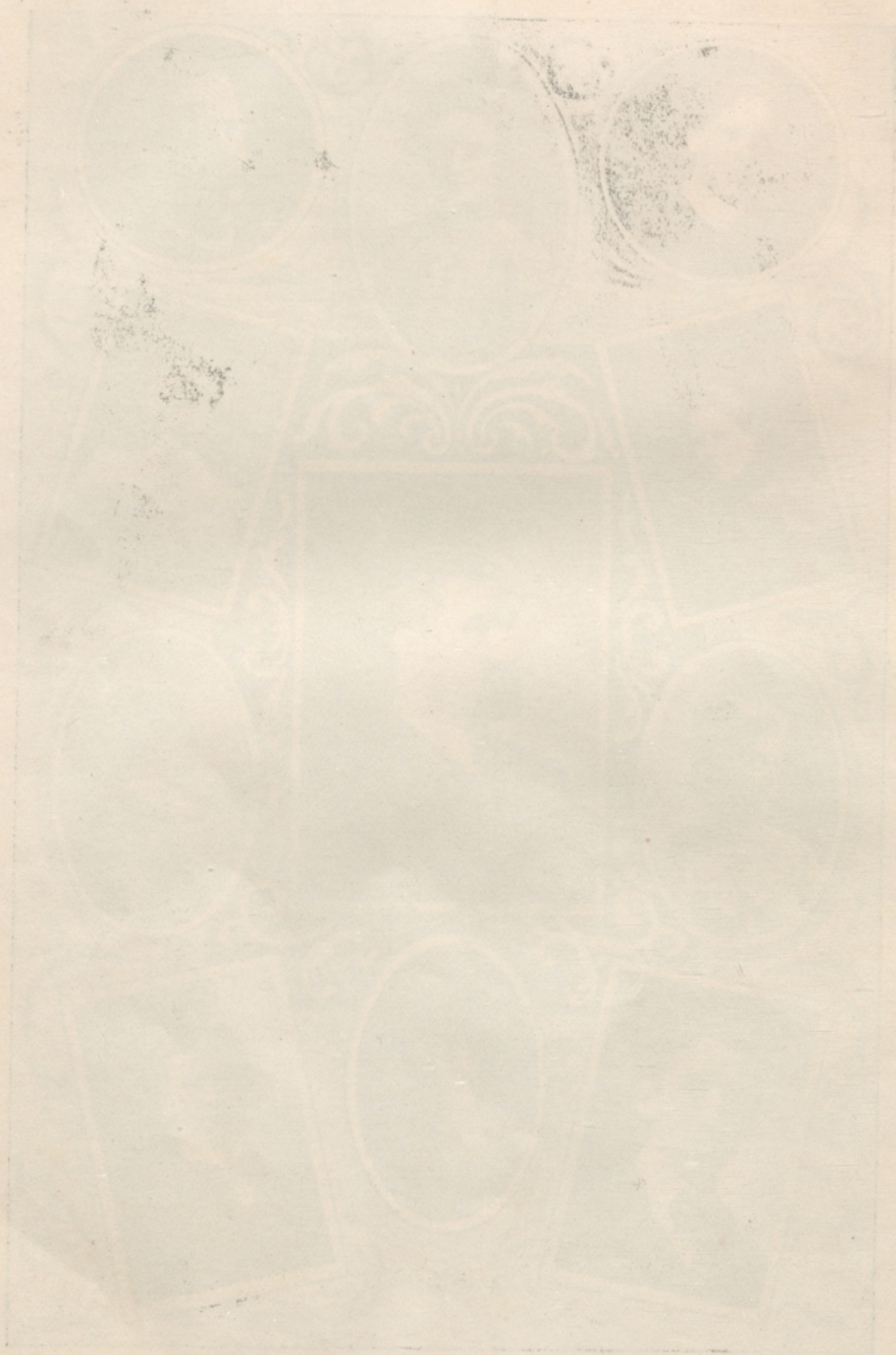


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3—MISS HAMILTON
4—MR. FIREHAMMER

5—MISS SWETT
6—MRS. COLDWELL
7—MRS. DICKSON
MISS RICHARDSON

8—MISS GARRETSON
9—MR. GREELEY
11—MR. ELLIS



A Medical Romance

A LOOK of utter despair darkens the usually serene face of Reginald Darwin, as he surveyed his shabby office and its scanty furnishings. He looked at the mocking sign "Physician and Surgeon" on the window at his right, then again at the bare room, and shuddered as he realized that with such surroundings, that sign was unfruitful and practice impossible. So life for him had lost its rosy hue, for without means of support, some one with a wealth of golden hair and a pair of true blue eyes, who was patiently waiting for the tide to turn favorably, could not be his. Although a man of strong determination and resolute decision, Dr. Darwin now lost his courage, and leaning his head upon his desk, he groaned aloud. He was faint with hunger and sick with disappointment. For a long time he remained in this stupefied condition, but was suddenly aroused by someone vigorously shaking him, and shouting in a friendly voice, "Reginald, old man, Reggie, come! you're wanted! Rouse yourself! It is outside in the street,—an accident. Man fell from his horse! Come! Reggie, can't you understand? Man fell from his horse, I say, in the street."

"Man fell from horse," Darwin dreamily answered, much to the exasperation of his excited friend. "In the street? Yes, you're right; that's where I'll be before long. Arthur, old boy, I'm—"

"Never mind now. Come! the man may be dead by this time! O none of you murderers seem to be awake this morning!" Whittingham almost angrily exclaimed.

Darwin, now fully aroused from his dazed condition by his friend's eager tones, realized that somewhere he was needed. So, seizing his surgical hand-bag, he dashed, bare-headed, from the office, led by Whittingham, to the scene of action in the street below.

A large crowd had already gathered around the insensible form of a well-dressed middle-aged man, who had fallen from his frightened horse. Darwin sprang into their midst and was soon in his element administering skillful aid to the injuries of the unfortunate man. Upon examination, a severe wound in the head was found, caused through violent contact with the cobble stones. As the identity of the wounded man was not able to be determined just then, he was removed, accompanied by Dr. Darwin and Mr. Whittingham to the nearest hotel, which luckily happened to be the temporary residence of Mr. Coleman, for such the name of the injured man was found to be, upon inquiry of the proprietor of the hotel.

For several days the life of Mr. Coleman hung in the balance, but by skillful treatment on the part of Dr. Darwin and careful nursing, together with remarkable good luck, the danger point was pronounced to be passed, and the patient was enabled to converse at limited intervals.

"Yes," said Mr. Coleman, while in conversation with Dr. Darwin, on one of these occasions, "it is a long time since I was in this part of the world. Twenty years ago, I set out for California, and like most young men was desirous of making a fortune, but unlike most young men, succeeded. Now, it is my one and only desire to join my only living relative, my sister, that she may enjoy with me the fruit of my labor. She lives in the country not far from here, and I have written to her telling her that I am here. She will, in all probability, come to see me within the next few days with her little daughter. Yes, she has a daughter and perhaps we shall make our home together. Yes, she has a daughter now," continued the sick man, "a pretty girl with golden hair, she writes to me. You must meet her, Doctor. Her mother calls her Blossom."

What was it that made the blood rush to Reginald Darwin's face as he heard that name, sweet and sacred to him? But no, the sick man had not noticed anything strange in Darwin's manner, for he lay with closed eyes, so happy was he to think that he was soon to see, after so long an absence, one of his own flesh and blood.

The next morning, as Dr. Darwin entered the sick room, he almost reeled with astonishment. He was dumb with surprise and happiness. Beside the sick bed, stood a young girl, whose head was crowned with shining gold and whose smiling eyes looked to Darwin, bluer than the bluest sky. Perhaps the astonishment of Mr. Coleman equalled that of Dr. Darwin, when, with an eager cry, his niece ran forward into the embrace of the young doctor.

* * * * *

Needless to say the outcome of these fortunate happenings was happy for all persons concerned. Upon the recovery of Mr. Coleman, a few quiet weeks were spent in his sister's little country home, and although comparatively well, he was, strange to say, attended by Dr. Darwin and carefully nursed by his gentle niece.

One evening, not long afterwards, a carriage from which peered a pair of blue eyes and a pair of brown might have been seen tearing rapidly along the street, trying its best to escape a thick shower of rice.

ETHEL E. C. WRIGHT.

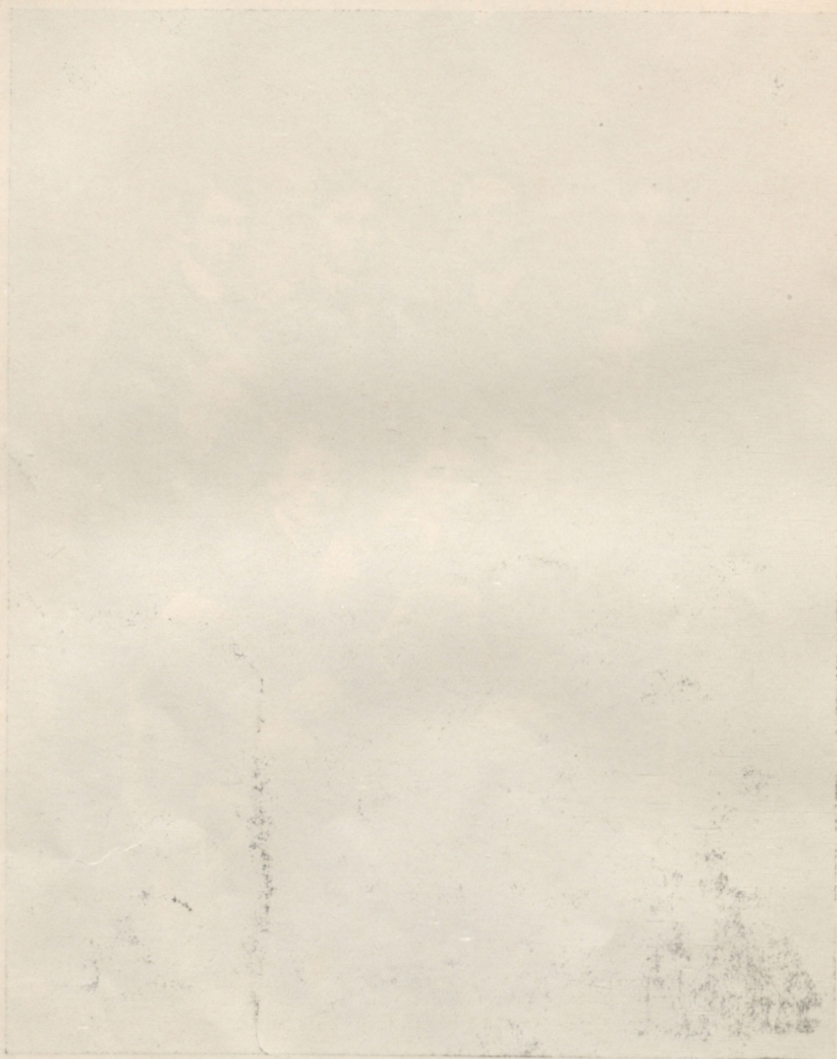
Delta Upsilon Kappa Fraternity

DELTA Upsilon Kappa Fraternity was founded Aug. 17, 1901, as a secret organization with the good of the High School as a basis. It began its life with the following charter members: Warren H. Swayne, Charles L. Lewis, George Burkhardt, Bertram Rigby, Herbert Bruntsch, Gerald Anthony, Adrian I. Rosetter.

Delta Upsilon Kappa has had upon its roll, two Presidents of the Associated Student Body and two graduating class Presidents. It has



DELTA UPSILON KAPPA FRATERNITY.



EXTRA NUMBER EXTRA FRAGMENT

furnished two men to the football team, one to the baseball team and to the tennis team and thus aided athletics in the school.

Since the Fraternity made its beginning the following have been initiated into its secret mysteries: Azro N. Lewis, Sidney Eschen, Leland S. Scott.

We believe that the A. H. S. has long needed a good Fraternity and do not agree with those who say that fraternities are a detriment to High Schools.

A long life and great success is certain for Delta Upsilon Kappa with good material presenting itself constantly.



DEBATING NOTES.

On May 27th the first semi-annual medal contest occurred. That there was interest taken in the affair was plainly shown by the full house which greeted the speakers and also by the applause received by each.

The question, Resolved, "That it would have been to the interest of the United States to have annexed Cuba instead of granting her independence," although it was nothing new nor startling, proved sufficiently perplexing to the seven contestants who attempted to meet it single-handed and without any assistance in making their arguments. A year and a half ago there was not a single pupil in the school who would have been able to undertake such an ordeal. Much has been done through a little systematic training.

The two successful contestants were, Mr. Roswell Dague, who took the first medal, and Mr. William Robertson who received second.

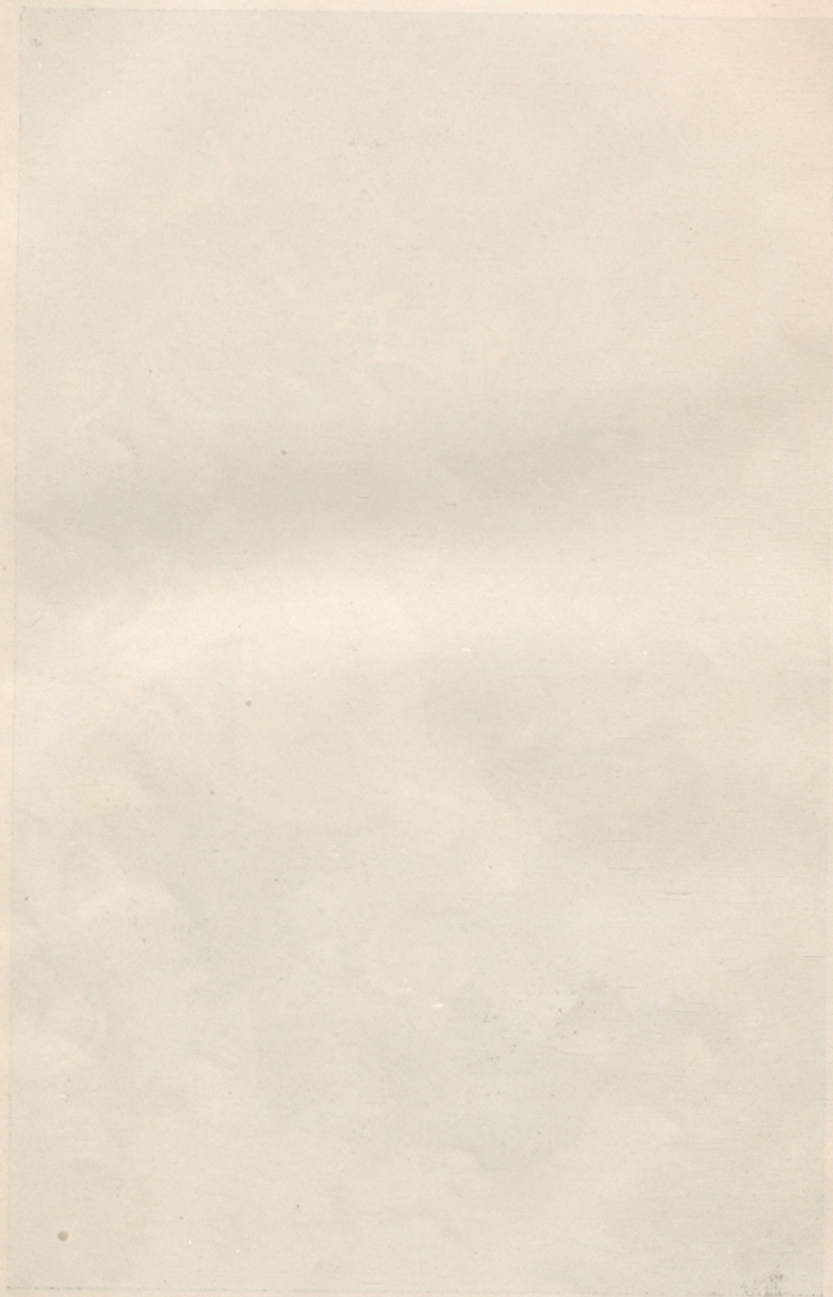
Mr. Dague undoubtedly was the finest speaker of the evening. His manner was straight-forward and impressive. As Mr. Dague is in the ninth grade at present the club depends upon him for some excellent work next term in making a fight for the Stanford Cup.

Mr. Robertson has been heard before. His delivery and arguments were both good. The congratulations of the club are extended to both Mr. Dague and Mr. Robertson.

There were only two beautiful medals, but seven anxious contestants. So all their minds were made up to meet defeat philosophically, and to wait until next time when the medals will be presented by Mr. Otis, president of the school board.

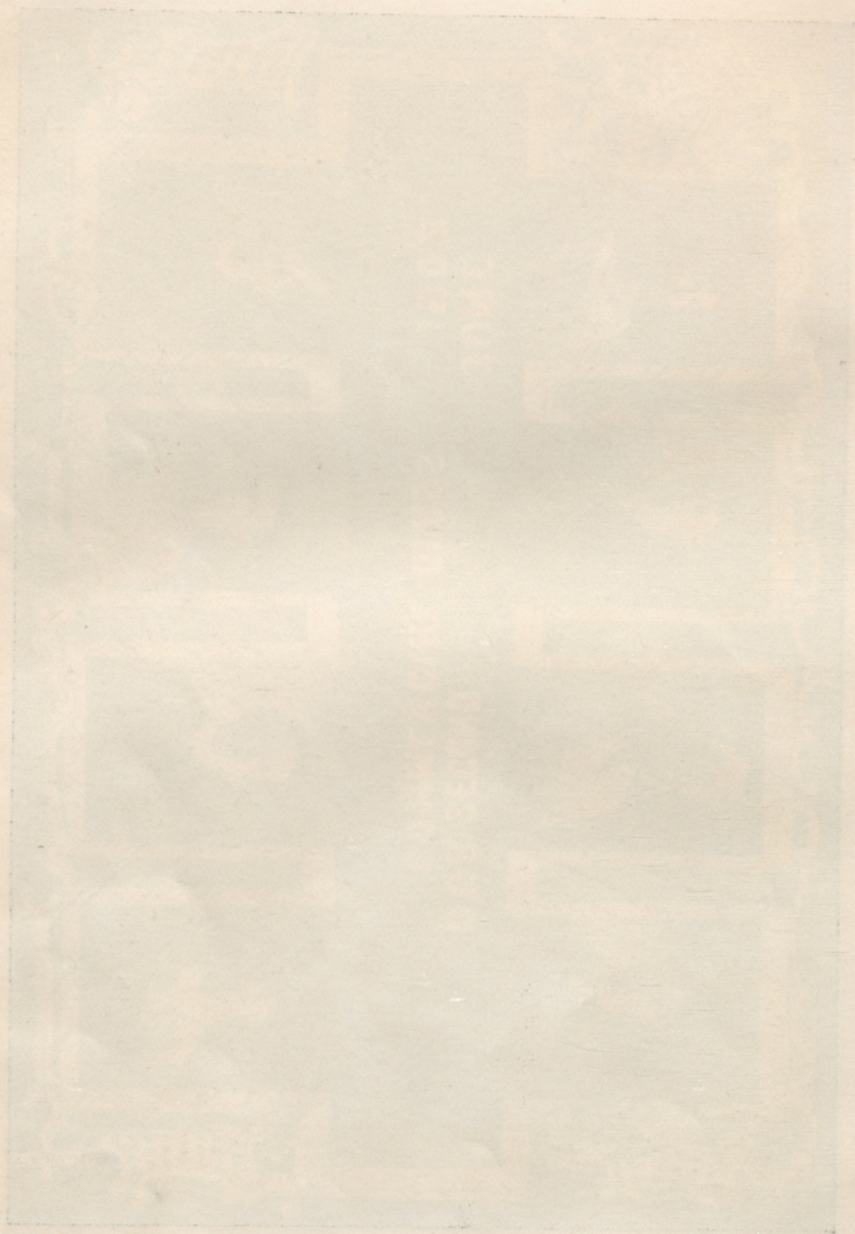


IRA KIBBY. MAUD MELLOTT. ROSWELL DAGUE, 1st Medal.
 WILLIAM ROBERTSON, 2d Medal. ETHEL WRIGHT. JESSE ROBINSON.





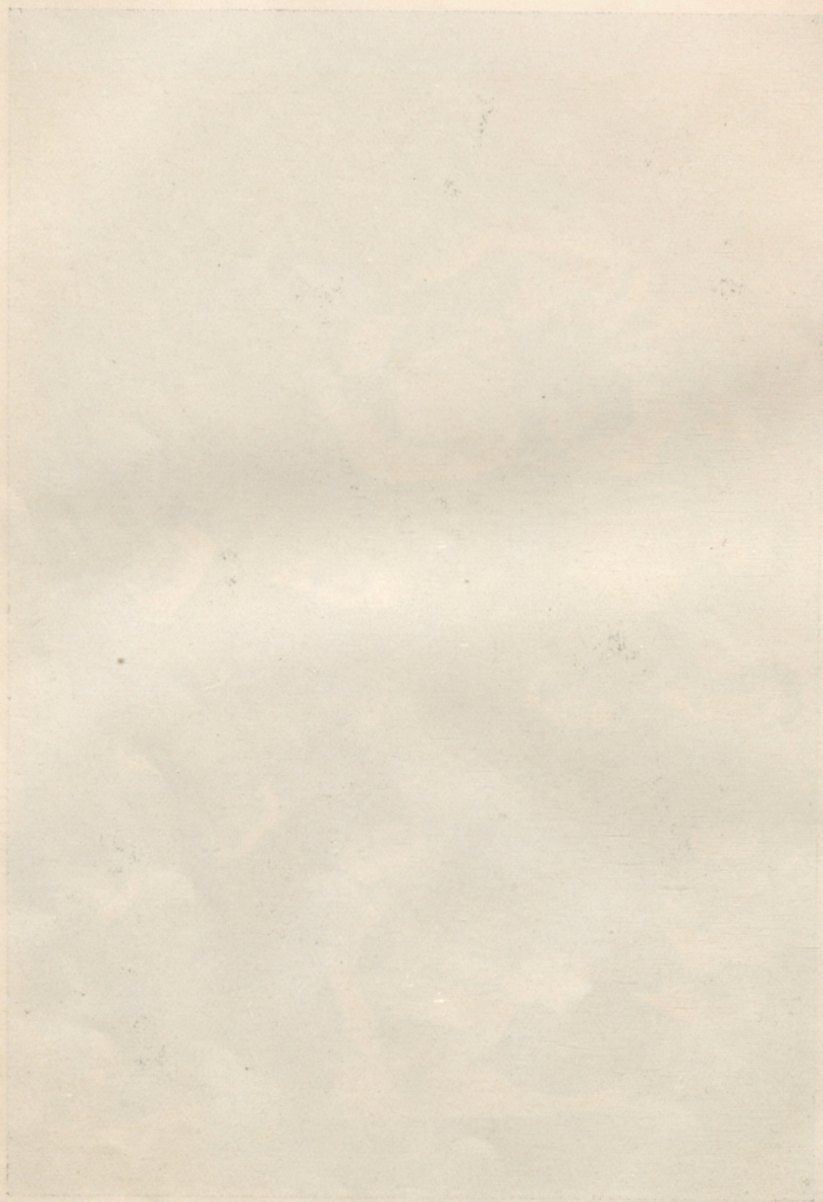
ARTHUR RHEINHOLD. CATHRINE SEARLE. WALTER MOBLOD. LEOTA COVEL.
ETTA TOLLEY. WILLIAM ERICSON. VERA TUPPER. SANFORD HYAMS.





ACORN STAFF.

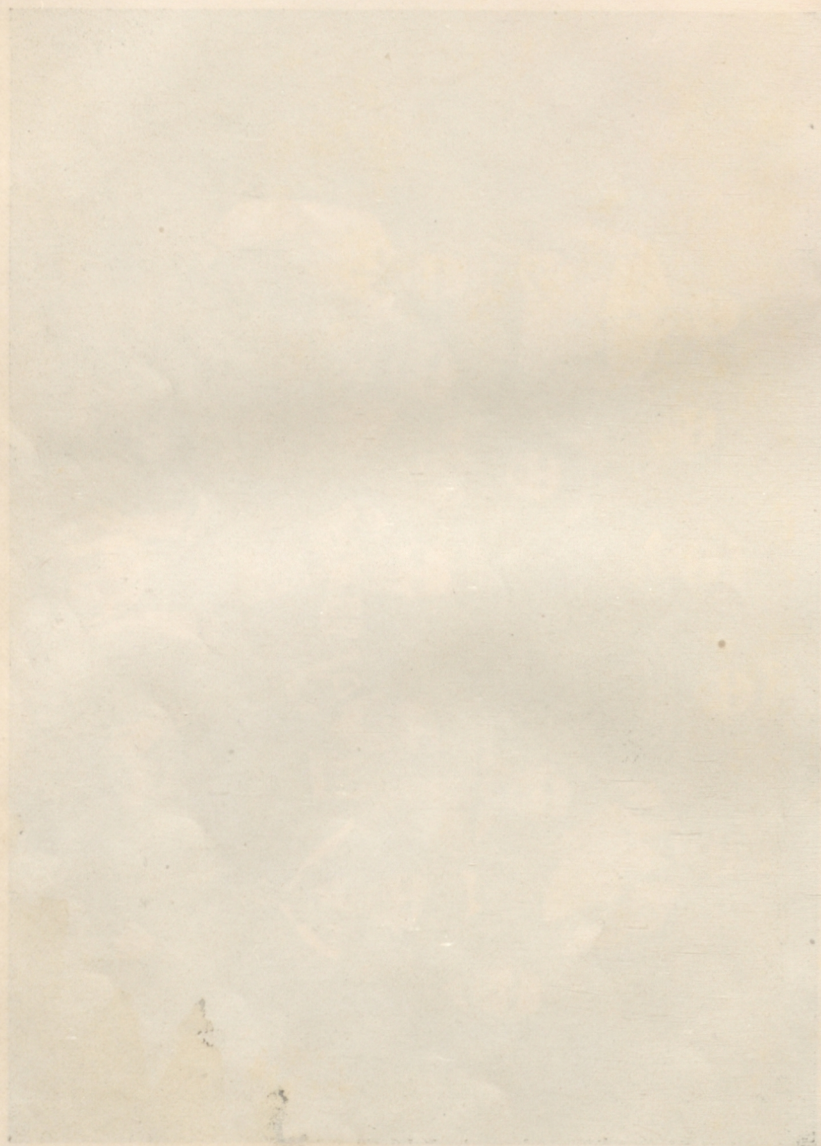
HARRY WHITAKER, DELLA LA JEUNESSE, MILTON EPSTEIN, E. G. POSTEL, IRMA TAYLOR, EVELYN LEVKOWICZ,
 FRED A. DUNLOP, IRA KIBBY, Manager; LAURA MCKNIGHT,
 CARL SCHMIDT, NORMAN D'EVELYN.





BASKET BALL TEAM.

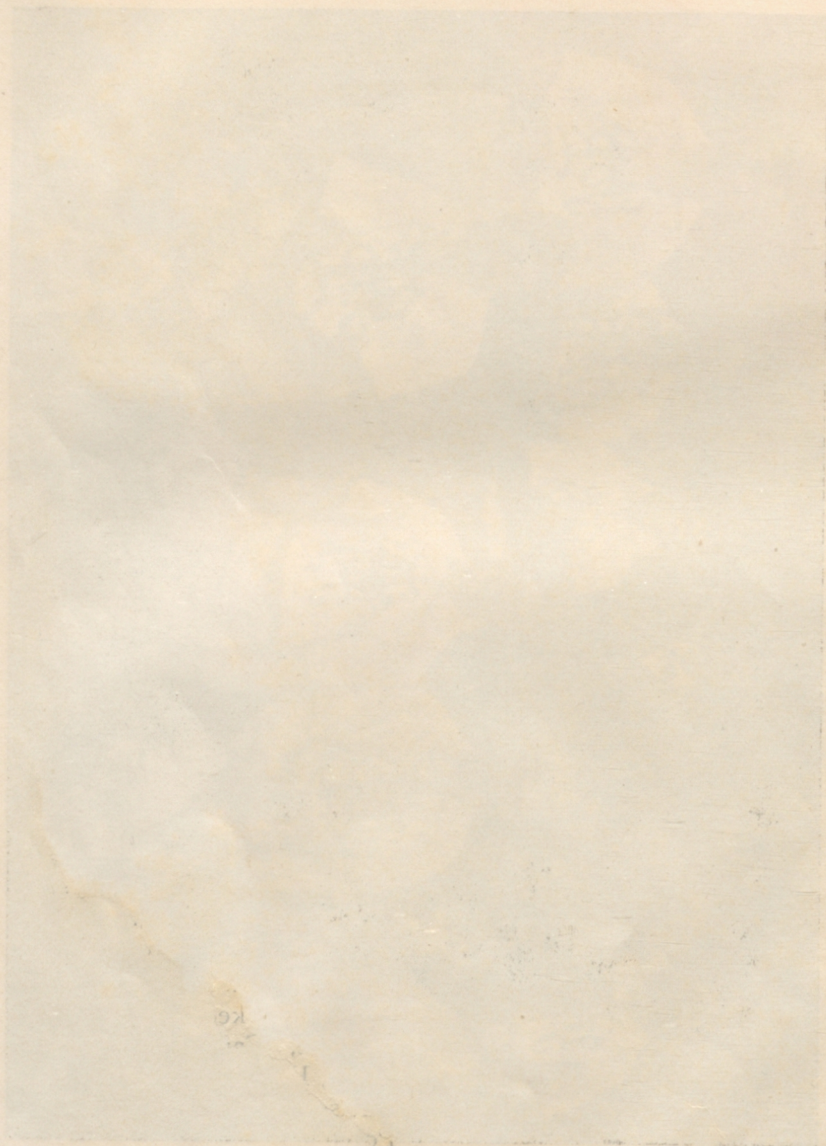
FRIEDA RIEHL. FRANCES AMANN. MABEL SHANER. MAY BEVAN. LAURA WISNER.
 MARGUERITE WINANT. MAUD FISCHER. MABEL BARBER.
 RAY FOWLER. CLARICE ISRAEL. EMMA GROSS. CAPT. RUTH NOTNAGEL. RUEY DEXTER.





BASEBALL TEAM.

WAYMIRE. PRATT. A. M. ELLIS, Manager. BAKER. McDONALD. ROGERS.
 ESCHEN. GATES. BLISS—Capt. MOORE.
 "MUG" MITCHELL.



96

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EXCHANGES.

ONE of the most unique exchanges we have received this month is the *St. John's Echo*, from *St. John's School*, Shanghai, China. This magazine is quite interesting. Its editors are all Chinese and some of the essays written by them display much ability. The paper has a peculiar and characteristic cover, with a dragon and motto of "Light and Truth." We miss the exchange column, however; also the personals and jokes that are necessary to a school journal.

On observing the cover of the *Crescent* for April, we expected it to be a "fool" number, but on perusing its contents we found that we were mistaken. "The Alkaska Bend Hold-up," is a remarkable story. Robert Stevenson, the author of "Jimminatti," has an excellent power of description, and may some day be as famous as his namesake.

The *Skirmisher* from *St. Matthew's* is certainly a fine paper, and is a good representative of its school. The exchange editor, however, is something of a "kicker." He should spend less time at sermonizing and more at criticizing.

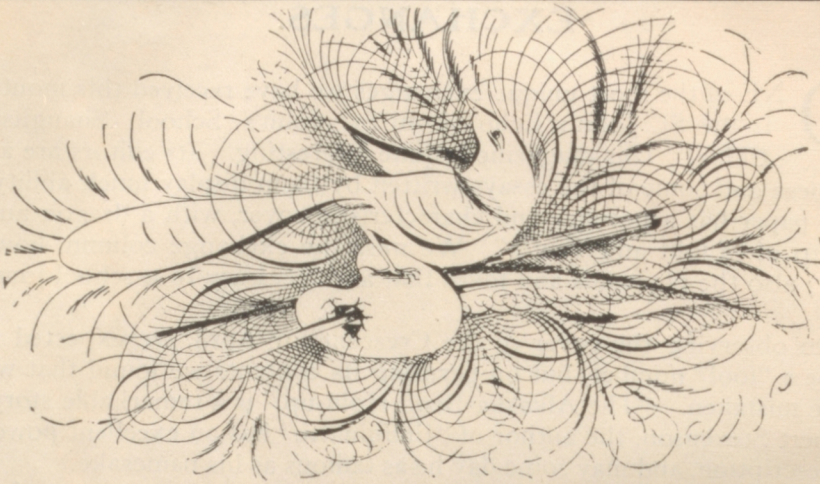
We are glad to receive the *Guard and Tackle* of *Stockton High School* again, after an absence of two months. It is as interesting as ever, though its cover looks out of place in the baseball season.

The *Tyro* of *San Bernardino High School* should print some short stories. Essays and descriptions do not interest every one and short stories are essential to any magazine.

We welcome the *Art Edition* of the *High School Bugle* from *Converse Indiana*. The excellent pictures and well-written lines of the great masters make the paper very valuable.

The *Rumford Falls Spray* has a very pretty cover. "The Freak" is an interesting story with a moral.

Other exchanges received this month are: *Criterion*, *Macomb, Ill.*; *Owl*, *Rockford H. S., Ill.*; *Nugget*, *Helena H. S., Mont.*; *Blue and White*, *Central H. S., South Bethlehem, Pa.*; *Breeze*, *Los Banos, Cal.*; *Pedestal*, *Walla Walla H. S., Wash.*; *Olympian*, *Biddeford, Maine*; *Hetuck*, *Newark, Ohio*; *Wild Cat*, *Los Gatos*; *Oak*, *Visalia*; *Oracle*, *Oakdale*; *Scribe*, *Polytechnic H. S., Oakland*; *Owl*, *Fresno H. S.*; *Euterpaen*, *East St. Louis, Ill.*; *Optimist*, *Kankakee H. S., Ill.*; *Owl*, *Menlo Park*; *Dictum Est*, *Red Bluff*; *Oriole*, *Campbell*; *Chronicle*, *Norwood H. S., Mass.*; *Oahuan*, *Honolulu, A. I.*; *Bell*, *San Jose*; *Meteor*, *Santa Barbara*; *Lowell*, *San Francisco*; *Lyceum*, *Los Angeles*; *Spinster*, *Portland, Oregon*; *Salve*, *Portland, Oregon*; *Yuba*, *Delta*; *Marysville*; *Cardinal*, *Covina*; *Irving*, *Echoes*, *San Francisco*; *Polytechnic*, *Pasadena*; *Purple and Green*, *Frenklin, Tenn.*; *Parker Collegian*, *Winnebago, Minn.*; *Madroño*, *Palo Alto*; *La Plume*, *Grand Rapids, Mich.*; *Santa Clara County Student*.



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